THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

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There is just one thing that the "Reformers" overlooked. They forget, if they ever knew it, that the "Hunt," the "Pursuit" of the Unattainable, is the most fascinating game in the world, and that all the world has been engaged in it since time began.

FOREWORD

Due to the general developments brought about by the addition of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Sacred Constitution of the United States, the author places before the reader facts that are penned most interestingly. They were compiled after a thorough research beginning at the very inception of this "unpopular law." It brings before the reader many humorous incidents as well as food for serious thought. It is the first time that absolute facts have been frankly placed before the public on a topic that is part of the daily conversations of persons in all walks of life and in all parts of the world. Writers have attempted, and undoubtedly will continue to give "inside facts." That there are "inside facts" it is reasonable to assume, owing to recent disclosures published in the Daily Press, and that such revolutionary legislation as the Eighteenth Amendment, considered either socially or constitutionally, could not have had its origin in any but INTERESTED sources, unless it

came spontaneously from the people. We are aware of the fact that it did not come from the people, because at no point were we consulted, so suddenly was it sprung upon us and so rapidly enacted.

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WHAT HAPPENED?

An amazing flock of questions has been raised by our *Prohibition laws*—the *Eighteenth Amendment* and the *Volstead Enforcement Act.*

Have you found the answers to any of them?

If you are a "Dry" you probably would be satisfied with one——

"Why is it not enforced?"

If you are a "Wet" you probably would want to know——

"How was it 'Put Over'?"

"How long is it going to last?"

Is Prohibition the will of the majority?

Or was it "Put Over" on an unsuspecting, inattentive electorate?

Or is it just one of those legislative freaks that are slipped onto our statute books to remain until its inevitable abuses force a general awakening?

One thing is certain.

There is nation-wide question about the method of enactment.

All sorts of explanations and guesses have been made.

But no political or reform organization, nor any member or paid agent thereof, has yet ventured to tell a clear and definite story of "how it was done."

Among the questions that have been raised by Prohibition, fed by non-enforcement and fattened on graft, one stands out as containing the explosive properties of T.N.T.:

"How come that 'George' dropped that bottle of whiskey on the floor of the breakfast room in the restaurant of the United States Senate?"

It may be as George, the colored waiter, explained—that the bottle belonged to him, was given to him by a friend whose name he "DID NOT REMEMBER."

Of course, the bottle MAY NOT have contained whiskey.

As the Managing Editor of a New York newspaper said when his telegraph editor dashed to him with the story:

"Sure, it's a good story—if true. But you can't prove it!"

Anyway, "George" lost his job for all his explanations. It is said he got a better one as butler to a Senator.

But true or not, the story went broadcast.

And all the mops the other waiters are said to

have hustled into obliterating service will have no more effect when the time comes than will Hamlet's futile:—

"Out, out! Damned spot!"

Nor all the mops in government stores, for that matter!

On just such incidents little in themselves do great decisions often rest.

If, as President Harding declared in his last annual message to Congress, the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, because of nation-wide violation, HAD BECOME "The Supreme law of the land"——

What can explain the presence within the walls of the Congress itself of a bottle of whiskey?

If there was one bottle, and if the law of average for the rest of the country holds good, who can be convinced that there were not, and had not been, other bottles?

And what right is there in Congress that is not in any American home or place of business?

Truly, the ghost of that bottle seems destined to do some fancy "haunting."

No more than we suspected three years ago what Prohibition would do to us did we in 1914 have any idea what upheavals in our social and business affairs the World War itself would bring.

We had been prosperous for so long; we had come to regard our lives and our futures as ordered beyond the possibility of interruption; we could not be persuaded something had happened that called for radical readjustment, that for years to come nothing could possibly be as we had planned.

When it all was brought right up to our doors and we had to accept the stark reality, we did a perfectly natural thing—We blamed it all on the War! Everything!

Not the lamentable bereavements—they were part of the price, and bravely enough they were paid.

But the failures—the human breakdowns that never got near an enlistment station, the economic blunders that incompetents tried to explain away and the hasty legislation for which some one must answer if there were not to be a vacancy in a party seat!

These were all excused on the plea that "The War did it."

It becomes a sorry day on which any brave people blames its blunders on anything but its own inattention or short-sightedness.

And to let ourselves off as easily as possible, let's put it down to inattention—this Prohibition that is incubating trouble.

Because there is no doubt about one thing: we were a terribly busy people!

The World War brought the usual reform and spiritual movements that accompany all such great disasters.

The first to take governmental action with the purpose of keeping his unlettered millions of subjects under discipline was the Czar. Having the humiliating memory of the Japanese triumph of twenty-odd years ago, he forbade the drinking of the vicious Vodka in Russia.

Great Britain followed with restrictions on liquors for the period of the war.

We, in America, thought we understood, and applauded.

It did not occur to us that here was precedent established for us when it should come our turn to plunge into the maelstrom.

With patriotic enthusiasm at its peak, with every real American man, woman and child gladly "giving until it hurt" and unquestioningly obeying any and all commands of our Government——

What wonder that we consented with hardly a thought of protest when the Government decreed that we, too, should limit our pleasure during the national emergency?

No one saw any special significance in it when, on the heels of War-time Prohibition, the press

wires began to carry news dispatches to the effect that there was in Congress a definite movement looking toward permanent Prohibition.

That is, no one but its sponsors and a few shrewd observers who appreciated what could and might be done by "Organization."

In almost any Club, Hotel, or Dining Place at that time you might have heard:

"See what they're going to do to us, boys, down in Washington?"

"Har! Har!" the boys would laugh.

And the Waiter and the Boss would set 'em up "on the house" to be drunk to the "Sleepwalkers" who thought "they were going to put anything like that over."

They were the "Sleepwalkers," however, not the busy band in Washington.

Their organization was getting in its deadly work.

And then the country was amazed to learn that the Eighteenth Amendment had been reported favorably by Chairman Volstead and that Congress actually might pass it.

"Shucks!" the scoffers said, "not a chance!"

And a whole lot more to that general effect.

But on December 18, 1917, the Sixty-sixth Congress did that very thing——

And, what is more to the point, backed the Amendment up with various and sundry heart-

breaking frills in the way of restrictions and limitations incorporated in the Volstead Enforcement Act.

Within a little more than a year (as required by the Constitution), the Amendment was ratified by fifteen states.

And on January 29, 1919, the necessary thirty-six states having given their assent, the United States Secretary of State proclaimed its adoption and declared it in effect January 16, 1920.

President Wilson had done his best, after the fact, to prevent this legislation by vetoing it, but the Congress had passed it again over his formal protest.

Grasping at the last straw of hope, based on the President's action, those who foresaw dimly what might happen under such "Oppressive" laws looked to the Supreme Court of the United States for protection.

The Amendment went into effect on the scheduled date.

The Supreme Court shattered the last remnant of hope by a series of decisions that established the authority of Congress to enact such legislation and denied to those who demanded it the right of referendum.

HOW WAS IT PUT OVER?

WHAT happened in Congress and in the ratifying legislatures that "this amazing invasion of our liberties" should fall upon a constitutionally free people?

It is frankly doubtful that anyone knows the actual facts.

All conditions of authorities and writers have, and undoubtedly will, attempt to give "the inside facts."

That there are "inside facts" it is reasonable to assume, because such revolutionary legislation as this, considered either socially or constitutionally, could not have had its origin in any but interested sources, unless it came spontaneously from the people.

We know, you and I, that it did not come from the people, because at no point were we consulted, so suddenly was it sprung upon us and so rapidly enacted.

Less than 1,500 votes, including the Congress and the ratifying legislatures, settled the whole momentous business for 110,000,000 people!

Did that point ever strike home to you?

But you must not forget, to be fair, that they

presumably represented the majority opinion of the country.

At the beginning of this recital, it was stated: "No political or reform organization, nor any member or paid agent thereof, had yet ventured to tell a clear and definite story of 'how it was done.'" WHETHER THEY WILL remains to be seen in the future.

All the evidence indicates that no political organization, as such, originated it, certainly was not foolhardy enough to attempt such risky legislation, as the Eighteenth Amendment.

With the mystery surrounding this issue, witness the unanimity with which political parties and leaders have since dodged the issue in platform, Primary and Convention, with the possible exception of the New York State Democracy last November.

They were, and still are, afraid to take the chance of committing themselves.

Which logically eliminates either the Republican or the Democratic party as politically responsible for Prohibition.

It is not to be assumed for a moment that any member of the House of Representatives, any United States Senator or any Assemblyman or State Senator would "SELL OUT" his country or his state, least of all on proposed legislation that each and all of them must have realized

could not help but revolutionize the customs and habits of 110,000,000 people, wipe out the business and occupation of untold thousands and have financial and trade effects that could not be even estimated.

That sufficient votes to enact Prohibition were "Bought" is a ridiculous assumption of the unbelievable.

That the votes of our representatives were influenced is another matter and not so difficult of explanation.

In Washington, they watch Congressmen come and go, one much like the other, not very different from other men. They're just average Americans, and not always that.

But back home, after election, Mr. Congressman begins to pal around with the Upper Strata. And don't forget for a minute that this Democracy of ours has as many social grades as India has castes, or as the most rigid court in Europe used to have precedents.

A Congressman may be a big "toad" in his own little puddle, though he may not make the slightest splash outside, as someone has said sadly enough.

Well, there are the clergymen, the bankers, the physicians, the lawyers, the merchants and the farmers and whatever capitalists the local terrain may boast.

Soon after his election Mr. Congressman, and especially Mrs. Congressman, is inducted into this charmed circle, which, especially if Mr. and Mrs. Congressman have been "on the outside looking in," has its elements of flattered pride and its consequences.

What more natural than that Mr. Congressman should look to the enlightened circle as representing the best opinion in his district?

What more natural than that, while he might retain a mightier respect for Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Bricklayer and Mr. Iron-Worker and Mr. Miner and Mr. Railroadman and Mr. Little-Storekeeper and Mr. Clerk and Mr. Day-Laborer and all their wives and of-age Sons and Daughters as VOTERS, He should conclude, "Ah, but these are not the brains, the thinkers, the leaders of the community!"

Mr. Congressman, HE must remember, does not as a rule come from the city, where one may do largely as one pleases, but from the farm and the small town, where everyone knows more or less just what HE does. Also, it's his job to do what they want him to do, if he wants to keep IT, which he usually does. Let's drop into a small town, back about 1916-1919. Any one of the three years will do! They have a "twenty club" or some sort of community organization to

which belongs the "Select Circle," the local preachers, lawyers, bankers, physicians, etc.

On the particular evening on which we arrive, one of the members is giving at his home the customary weekly dinner at which all the members are "guests" and to which we have the luck to be invited. Present is Mr. Congressman, "or perhaps he is detained" in Washington.

The suggestion is made some time during the evening that all professional and business men shall be ready and willing to indorse and support a movement looking toward the curtailment of the liquor traffic.

Someone else promptly "moves the question."

It is adopted, because who in that assembly is going to oppose it, with "the rest of the town" listening in? No one!

Now if Mr. Congressman is present, IS he going back to Washington with any other idea in his head but that his district decidedly favors this particular action? Or, if he happens to be in Washington and receives a telegram signed with "Impressive Names" from his home district, is he going to ignore it? He Isn't.

Not if he is human. And Congressmen are as a rule as human as you and I.

The suggestion made at that dinner, and the proposal that it be adopted, came from a definite source you may be sure. And it is not at all

absurd to assume that it was made definitely, in some form or other, at such dinners or gatherings all over the country. About this time a suggestion of this kind would do the most good, from the viewpoint of those who had reason or some sort of excuse for their support of the Prohibition movement.

Well, who would benefit most?

Certainly not those reading meddlers who are the bane. of free thinking men and women—those amateur reformers who formerly were the nucleus of the movement and perhaps gave it some of its later strength.

No sinister motives could be attributed to them, other than their obnoxious efforts to intrude their fanaticisms upon their neighbors.

There are such persons as professional reformers, men and women who are not averse to accepting compensation for their efforts, and they do very well by it, too.

They had not been blind to the opportunities suddenly presented by war developments in publicity and organization. Not for a moment!

Whether they attached themselves to the movement or whether they were accumulated into it, is not so much of moment.

The significant point is that such persons are simply made to order for interests that must make use of popular movements to accomplish

their ends—they make ideal tools, whether they realize it or just blind themselves to the fact.

They have shown themselves to be past-masters of the art of driving other people into embarrassing corners——

Corners from which escape is possible only through what the Chinese fear as "loss of face." We have other names for the process—much more pointed, if they can be proved.

And legislators have been known to find themselves in just such corners.

About the time Prohibition went into effect, ginger ale and other soft drink makers (some of them using the drug caffein in their mixtures) and distributors began heavy selling campaigns, engaging high-priced press agents just released from reform and similar drives and operating offices in Washington in proximity to the House of Congress and not far from the House and Senate Office Buildings.

Who doesn't remember how candy stores began to pay real profits, so big that others sprang up almost with the astonishing rapidity of chain stores?

Do you remember when you had to pay twenty-five cents a pound for sugar?

Have you any idea what a jump the ice cream business took?

And was there any significance in the fact

that spokesmen for "Big Business" itself began to venture their opinions that the people, the masses, meaning labor, would benefit vastly in the New Era of Sobriety?

For whose profit?

Parenthetically—

How much more than in 1919 have you got in the bank?

Are your taxes any lower?

Are you not paying more rent—a whole lot more?

How about your coal supply this last winter?

The war has been over four years, but has the cost of clothing, food or any of the necessaries dropped back to 1914 levels?

It may be that none of these groups had anything to do with steering Prohibition through what must have been tortuous legislative channels. (Then who did it?)

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

THIS more or less mysterious organization is recorded as having been incorporated in 1889.

It probably grew out of such well-meaning societies as the Band of Hope, the Sons of Temperance and the like, in which you and I and our fathers and mothers likewise were persuaded in our infancy to carry banners, wear sashes, go through all the rigmarole of lodge secrecies and sign pledges.

That was when this was a country of relatively small communities and the social instinct was stronger than it is in these days of more intensive population.

Our maiden aunts and other disappointed damsels usually operated these organizations; seldom was a man interested.

However, a more or less definite Prohibition Party in time presented itself at the polls, but it never did receive serious political recognition. Remember that!

And now recall what happened in Washington, beginning four or five years ago!

Because suddenly we began to hear about Wayne B. Wheeler.

Not that Wayne B. Wheeler in himself was, or is, especially important!

But because overnight, almost, he flashed meteor-like into the news as the spokesman of a group that since seems to have dictated to the Congress of the United States and to the state legislatures.

So far as the people know, it might as well have been "Nowhere," but from "Somewhere" the Anti-Saloon League sprung full-fledged, all-powerful, apparently with one foot on the House of Representatives and the other on the United States Senate.

With Wayne B. Wheeler wielding an omnipotent sceptre, or so it has appeared, over all!

Of course, you know now, but for purposes of identification he is officially the General counsel of the League.

Appeared on the scene also, boosted into the limelight by his own busy pen and tongue, Will H. Anderson, as New York State Superintendent of the League.

Both able men and astute, "which nobody can deny," but not at all "jolly good fellows," as you and I like to sing it.

Granted that they have everything in their favor, from the viewpoint of professional press agents, it nevertheless must be accepted as the fact that they have accomplished remarkable re-

sults for their cause and themselves in a publicity scene from the moment they began their activities.

Because they have boasted openly and constantly about the League's achievements, it is quite fair to assume that the League should equally accept the responsibility for whatever has happened as results of these achievements.

But while they press-agent and laud what they declare to be the fulfillment of the League's Prohibition programme, they maintain strict silence on "HOW IT WAS DONE."

If they could be induced to be as frank about their organization and their methods as they are voluble with "reform" statistics, they might reveal this much——

That it was their sole and particular job to put Prohibition on the Statute books, if possible.

That the public attention was diverted from all causes but one, and that was to "win the war," giving them oh, what a chance!

That various war-time movements (patriotic, economic and religious, backed by many influential interests) placed all the necessary machinery of fast working organization ready to their hands.

And that they were just astute enough to grasp the golden opportunity.

Furthermore, to make it easier, there was no organized opposition.

As recorded, the Anti-Saloon League dates back in the records to 1889, or thirty-three years. The Prohibition movement in this country, as such, is a little more than sixty years old.

Now note the name ANTI-SALOON League!

Organized originally to combat what every thinking man recognized to be a growing menace —the ill-kept, politically dominated corner saloon that had nothing in common with the community serving English bar, French café or German beer garden.

This Prohibition League was more or less active, just as have been other reform organizations, up to the period of the World War. Until then it was fairly open and aboveboard in its statement of purpose.

But with war-time Prohibition in the offing, and then in effect, it leaped to the force politically, tore the reins out of the hands of the party chiefs to whom the electorate had but recently entrusted them, and drove the whole nation hell bent into the sacred precincts of the Constitution.

The United States woke up to find that it had a new sort of law, transcending all others, even

the Bill of Rights—and for the time being a new sort of boss.

In other words, the Anti-Saloon League without notice shed its sheep-skin and for purposes known only to its sponsors cut loose on a foray among our liberties.

For whose benefit?

Well, as that New York Managing Editor said about that bottle that was dropped on the floor of the United States breakfast room:

"You can't prove it!"

Every so often, though not nearly so frequently of late, the Anti-Saloon League's publicity agents send out for publication carefully selected statistics purporting to prove that——

Arrests in this or that section have fallen off remarkably since January 16, 1920.

Certain jails have been closed for lack of prisoners.

Hospitals and asylums report big decreases in alcoholic patients, etc.

PROHIBITION IS ONE GRAND SUCCESS.

That's what press agents are paid to do—to present their employer's case as brightly as possible—and they do try to earn their money, good jobs being few and far apart.

And a clever press agent can do a lot with statistics, still telling the truth, so far as it goes.

Sometimes he dare not tell it all; just that part of it which will get his side of it over.

Investigation has proved that.

But you never catch the Anti-Saloon League's press agents giving any publicity whatever to anything that would reveal the identity of its real sponsors.

With all due regard for their respectability and dignity, it is difficult to believe that the men whose names appear on the list of officers which the League acknowledges have sufficient business or political training or acumen to have accomplished all the League claims to have achieved.

It is still more difficult to believe that such men would countenance what seem to have been the secret operations of the League.

And, certainly, no one believes that Wayne B. Wheeler and Will H. Anderson constitute "the whole works," clever and able as they undoubtedly are.

Secret the League certainly must be, else why does it not answer that most important and often asked question:

"Where does it get its money, how much does it get and where and how is that money spent?"

Even before the collector named Phillips "spilled the beans," it was known in some circles that the Anti-Saloon League in New York State had paid agents out working the cities and the

rural communities for "subscriptions" on a salary and expense basis.

No need here to review the Phillips case. He wasn't the only man who drew down $50.00 a week—and expenses.

The daily newspapers throughout the country have carried most of the details of the past.

What a business!

Out "collecting" on a salary and expense basis for the uplift of the state and nation and the "salvation" of the future generations!

With a boss who himself draws down a salary of $10,000 a year—and expenses.

And the League's bookkeeping in such questionable state that the District Attorney's office called for the records!

It is understandable that charitable organizations should employ collectors on a salary or equitable commission basis, and undoubtedly quite correct.

But that any organization, which admits through its paid representatives that it has had deliberately even the slightest influence upon the legislation, should go out in the highways and byways for means to maintain that legislation on the statute books is a little too much for the sons and daughters of Lexington and Valley Forge and Shenandoah and Gettysburg to stomach!

At least it would seem so.

And the Anti-Saloon League, other reform organizations, "Big Business"?

Either or all of them certainly seem to have inflicted upon poor, old harassed Uncle Sam the painful lesson that long ago raised "Merry Bob" with Egypt, Babylon and Rome and not so long ago with Russia.

There's a world old game known to Americans as "Passing the buck."

It seems likely to become popular in the near future.

Meantime, we have had three years of Prohibition.

And it appears about time to begin consideration of some of its KNOWN results—

Some of the "happenings" to Prohibition, and to you and I.

A NATION OF SECRET DRINKERS

SOMETIME someone will coin a phrase descriptive of this period of alleged drouth, a nightmarish sort of phrase if there are words weird enough in the English tongue.

It will cover a rather broad date, perhaps, because it may be some time before America awakes to the present folly.

When it is all over, as it assuredly must be in time, this date will have the significance of June 15, 1215, when the British barons forced King John to sign the Magna Charta; of 1679, when the Habeas Corpus Act was first passed; of Dec. 16, 1773, when the Boston Tea Party started America on the broad highway to what the Fathers fondly hoped would be unassailable liberty; to July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, and to March 4, 1789, when the United States Constitution went into effect in the ratifying states.

It also will mark the Great Era of Secret Drinking!

In the Old Days, or in the Pre-Drouth Period, there were two types of dangerous drinkers, dangerous to themselves and to the community.

One was the Lone Drinker, the sort of chap that used to start out by himself deliberately to consume either aimlessly or over a definite route all the liquid delight he could buy. Or perhaps he laid in a supply and "camped" beside it until it was gone or he "passed out."

The other was the Secret Drinker.

The Lone Drinker was a rather good sort, as a rule. He might join a party, or he might not. Usually, he was just what his name implied, a lonesome man, a disappointed man or a sorrowing man. Depending a good deal on his temperament he was malicious or destructive. His great trouble was that he would not stop when he had had enough, wherein he became dangerous to himself and, in time, a liability instead of a producer.

Broadly speaking, you will remember him as the sort that the Nice Girl wanted to reform.

Your Secret Drinker was not always plain "bad." There were plenty of open and aboveboard "soaks" who made no pretense of being anything else but deadly poison.

But the Secret Drinker, like the dope fiend, used to slip away furtively, like a crook "between two days," following the beckoning of a bunch of little devils he could neither resist nor control.

Home, family, business responsibilities! He cared nothing about ties for the time being!

But, and this is important, he knew he had not the strength to stand alone permanently; he knew that, without a home and a job, he would drag out a miserable finish in one gutter or another and his selfish soul yearned for the good things, the assured position he feared he might lose were this weakness of his to become known.

Now right here a point!

Too often that man became a secret drinker because a wife, some relative or a boss made open drinking impossible for him—by preaching, by nagging, or by downright prohibition akin to the restrictions now placed upon the whole country by governmental authority.

Of course, some men are secretive—they can do nothing openly and enjoy it. By nature, or forced thereto by unfortunate circumstances, more probably by reason of disease or mental disturbance, they are just plain mean.

While these considerations might explain in some measure the old time secret drinking, they were not responsible for the man WE know as the Secret Drinker.

In the Old Days, when you could get it whenever and wherever you so desired, men drank for various reasons.

Some men drank from boyhood. Beers, ales, wines and whiskeys were as much part of their home supplies as were foods. These men seldom

became what we called drunkards; they knew how to "handle it," which is more than can be said of the great majority of people about foods.

Some men drank only for social reasons, a glass at dinner, or a cocktail at a bar or perhaps a little wine or a highball at the home of a friend or at a banquet.

Most men, the great majority, drank because they liked it, just as you or I prefer some foods above others.

Liquids are as necessary to life as solid foods, and many men like their water flavored.

Man probably got the idea of liquors first from the taste of fruits. The tange of fermentation probably intrigued his interest and prodded his latent inventive powers until he learned how to hasten natural processes.

From the wines of the fruits to the brews of the grains was not a long step, and it was only a matter of time before the discovery of distillation gave to him the harder liquors we knew as whiskeys.

It is not at all impossible that he discovered the secret and the wisdom of "ageing" wines and whiskeys from the fact that he wanted to take some along when he went travelling.

What is more plausible than that, happening upon a forgotten goatskin of wine or an earthen jug of hard liquor, he chanced upon the palatable

delight of bottled sunshine? And up through the centuries he improved his processes, discovered new methods and produced new beverages which were to "dull the edge of sorrow and smooth the brow of care."

They were to do more than that.

The wealth and the very life of some nations were to be founded on vineyard and grain field, just as others were to be established where mines were found, where cattle could graze and where wheat could be grown.

And all went merrily enough along, when some hard up King or harassed minister of finance began to look around for new ways of raising money.

He probably had levied upon everything in sight, except food. He dared not press down too hard there. He knew better than to pinch the national belly, for that way revolution and he was not risking the only job in sight he wanted.

Then, on a sorry day, perhaps it was toward morning at one of his own longdrawn feasts, it chanced to dawn upon him that the menfolks were careless with their liquor, that they were constantly shouting for more, no matter how much they had had.

"Now here," mused Mr. King, or perhaps the highbinder who dug up the royal monies did his thinking for him, "here is something that they

don't really have to have and yet won't do without it."

Forthwith, on went a few pennies per hogshead, and a new form of taxation went on the statute books, or on the records, for all succeeding, money-hunting treasuries to behold and contemplate.

Not even in war-time do they dare directly tax grain in bread form; not any more they don't. It has been tried, of course, there being fools in every age.

They tell a story about Queen Victoria in connection with the Corn Laws that just about starved Ireland to death. Parliament repealed the laws on June 26, 1846, and the Prime Minister laid the bill before Victoria, saying as he pointed to the dotted line:

"You sign here, Madam."

"Sir," said the indignant young queen, who may or may not have intended to approve the measure, "do you realize whom you are addressing so peremptorily?"

The Prime Minister looked at her, puzzled and inquiringly.

"You are in the presence of the Queen of England," she informed him, haughtily. "Madam," he retorted curtly, "I am the People of England. Sign here."

A moment later she had signed away virtually

the last vestige of royal power in Britain, for there is not since on record any instance of Queen or King resisting the will of Parliament.

That was what came from trying to levy on the people's food.

Not so with our drinks.

Just as that old king, or his finance minister, discovered:

While his subjects learned to accept taxes on liquor as a governmental necessity, somewhat as we have accepted the income tax, they kept right on calling for more drinks, although there may have been some grumbling.

It has been much the same with us since Prohibition went "into effect," with a few surprising added touches.

One of the first things noticeable along about January 16, 1920, was that almost without exception all family liquor stores closed up promptly, went out of business.

Saloonkeepers who had given up all hopes, or who feared to take a chance with the law, did likewise.

Both let their stocks go for anything they could get.

How they must lament that "folly" now!

Thousands of saloonkeepers, however, still refused to believe that the United States Supreme Court would approve the amendment and re-

mained open, though they cleaned out, to places of more safety, all their hard liquors and even their 2.75 per cent beers. For a brief time the country probably was drier than it ever has been since, except in spots.

Unmolested, the saloonkeeper began to take a chance, slipping in a half pint on his hip to be doled out to "regular" customers who could be trusted not to talk. The price went up ever so little.

Along came the Supreme Court decision, and again came a period of closing up and a temporary drouth.

"To Let" signs began to go up in earnest in familiar places, and still unconvinced, earnest drinkers began to hunt around for what they could find.

There is just one little thing the reformers overlooked. They forgot, if they ever knew it, that the Hunt, the Pursuit of the Unattainable, is the most fascinating game in the world, and that all the world has been engaged in it since time began.

Men that never "hunted" in this manner before caught the fever, and the women couldn't be kept out of it by persuasion or club, once they discovered how much fun it was.

"What is this thing that we can't have?" they wanted to know. People who never had even

thought of whiskey, it had never touched their lives!

As time went on, and the visible supply dwindled and more and more places closed up, the chance quickened—always a stimulus to the pursuers.

Men began to buy quantity (by the bottle) surreptitiously, as the stocks they had put in ran down unbelievably fast.

Other men, who had not laid in any stocks, began to buy likewise.

Not beer! That was too bulky to carry and also to store away; besides, it required constant icing, once opened.

But Whiskey, easily slipped into an overcoat pocket or carried in a small bag.

Thus, Whiskey got into the home.

And Secrecy went with it, in principle, the same evil that made so terrible the traits of the old time Secret Drinker.

Father hid it, as best he could; but the young folks found it with the same infallible instinct for the forbidden with which they hunted down mother's carefully concealed cookies.

Along came home brew and the still, both in city and country, into the heart of the family, because nowhere else could they be hidden from the law.

Then began to be heard the questions that since

have been on every lip wherever you go; not even the war has been so much discussed.

Everybody had some sort of recipe or knew where to get it, and everybody tries to make it or to get it.

You offered it to your best friends in your home as a special treat; and they did likewise to you.

We took it to parties and dances and then to restaurants and cabarets, when, for a time, they feared to sell it.

There was no more slipping out of the theatre between the acts for a quiet drink and a chat at a neighboring drinking place; the menfolks began to drop down to the smoking room for a nip of the hip and the women and girls began to run up to the ladies' room for a sip out of the handbag, or elsewhere.

The pocket-flask trade leaped amazingly.

We had become a nation of Secret Drinkers!

WHERE DO WE GET IT?

A PRESS AGENT for a musical comedy dropped off a train in an Ohio town and hurried to the theatre. Leaning confidentially over the manager's desk, he whispered:

"Say, where do you get it in this town?"

"You don't," the manager retorted. "This town is as dry as your throat."

"Watch me!" the youth boasted.

Twenty minutes later he strolled back, slapped himself on the chest and breathed gently into the manager's face.

"Where'd you get it?" he demanded.

"Just around the corner."

"How'd you find it?"

"Asked a cop, you boob. It's been there all the time."

"I'll buy," said the manager. "Lead me to it."

The place was a regular bar, too.

Following up the "Ask a cop" plan, a visitor in a Southern town said to the negro who was driving him from the station to the hotel:

"Uncle, where do you get a drink in this town?"

"Boss," the negro answered, "does you-all see

that there mill'nery stoah? Well, that's the only place in this yeah town you cain't git it."

One becomes literally physically weary trying to remember where one can't get it.

There was a preacher who went on a walking tour and at the end of a long day of tramping through a lonely region came at last upon a cabin. In answer to his hail appeared an elderly man who also proved to be somewhat deaf. After considerable exertion, the clergyman managed to convey the idea, or so he thought, that he would "like to buy a little something to eat."

The old man evidently missed the last two words, because, after looking the stranger over and apparently being satisfied with his appearance, he turned back into the cabin and returned almost immediately with a tin cup and a small jug.

That clergyman, who tells the story on himself, is quite willing to admit:

"You can get it almost anywhere."

Because there's money in this "suppressed" traffic that was quite legal not so long and yet so long ago.

One saloonkeeper who had sold out but had kept his stock in the firm hope that "the old days" would come back sooner or later, observed what those who had stayed in the game were doing and

decided to make it sooner, so far as he was concerned.

On a still hunt for a stand, none being available to his satisfaction, he came across a ramshackle old saloon on an obscure corner which had been closed up by its discouraged proprietors. What caught his eye was the location, not too near but just near enough to a good residential and business section to be ideal for "a nice, quiet little business."

He snapped up the lease, spent about $10,000 on improvements and opened up.

Mind you, this is within the year, at a time when Prohibition Commissioner Haynes and Wheeler and Anderson were proclaiming that "the situation is well in hand" and that the country was drying up like a sandy road in the country after a light rain. If you know him well, that saloonkeeper will admit he is well satisfied with his investment.

A little more than three years ago, if you bought two or three drinks in the average well kept saloon, the bartender or the boss probably would invite you to "have another." Do you know what they do now?

Well, the boss measures the number of drinks there are in every bottle he entrusts to the bartender, or even to his partner; and the bartender, or partner, must keep tabs on each drink sold. If

the total does not correspond in value at so much per drink with the day's total printed on the cash register tap, someone has been watering your "likker," spreading it out so that he can "knock down" a little for his own account.

No longer do they set 'em up, except very rarely to favored regulars. The boss wants every cent that's coming to him, and he takes every precaution to get it.

You find him standing over by the cash register counting large stacks of bills and piles of quarters and half dollars—he doesn't take in many nickels and dimes these days, with Rye selling at sixty or seventy cents and Scotch at seventy-five.

"Yes," he may admit, if you know him well. "We surely do take in a lot nowadays. But you'd be surprised how little of it we get."

He will explain that in the old days $50 a day was a fairly good business. Now he worries if he drops under $200 a day——

What with whiskey that used to be $10 and $15 a case costing around $85 and beer for which he used to pay $2.50 costing him $18.

Perhaps he will admit it, perhaps he will not, but the chances are a big percentage of that $200 a day goes for protection and a lot of THAT goes to petty grafters who cannot give him protection but who could make trouble for him. The grafters know this full well. So does the

saloonkeeper, but he dare not "kick," and they know that, too.

Nevertheless, it is estimated that 5,000 of the old time saloons are open in New York City alone.

And they would not be open, considering all the risks the owners and the bartenders have to take unless it paid and paid well.

This is not as true of the rest of the country, because in the smaller communities, where officials are held more personally to account, the saloon is too conspicuous to permit open defiance of Volsteadism. However, if the truth were known, there is in each community a "blind pig" or a bootlegger, and the principle applies all over.

The saloonkeeper's risks are many, he has had his ups and his downs. Just at the moment, he seems to be doing rather well.

They have all been arrested at one time or other in the last three years. There may be rare cases where this is not the fact, but it is doubtful.

At first, these arrests caused plenty of excitement and they were taken really seriously by the prisoners.

Perhaps you have never seen a raid, or as is more often the case, a search of a saloon. There are variations, all depending on the docility of the men behind the bar and also of the customers —you would be surprised how often an indig-

nant patron will start trouble with the Prohibition agents.

In the earliest days, two or three agents would enter a saloon, stroll behind the bar silently and rather seriously, meantime keeping a suspicious eye on all present. Usually they found nothing; then, with a menacing air they would leave, a last eagle glance saying as plainly as though spoken:

"You lucky Boy. We'll get you yet."

Perhaps they did find something. Then the bartender, or the owner, if he happened to be around, would be placed under arrest, the liquor seized as evidence and the incident would be over, except for the formality of bail. The released bartender or owner would return and an hour later business would be going on as usual, a fresh supply having been brought in from wherever the saloonkeeper had it hidden.

Or perhaps a stranger would walk in, go to a toilet as a blind, return to the bar to buy the customary drink and get it, if the bartender was willing to take a chance. The stranger would taste it, pour the contents of the glass into a small bottle carried for just such purposes, perhaps call in other agents who had been waiting outside and proceed with seizure and arrests.

Sometimes the agents would know a place to be dangerous. Taking no chances, they would send one of their number ahead. Refused a

drink, he would buy near-beer. The others would enter quickly with drawn pistols, the first man having taken up a strategic position and also pulling his gun. Ordering everybody in the place not to move, not even a hand, the agents in such cases usually made a fair haul, there having been no time for the bartender to get rid of his supply.

Sometimes there would be shooting, but not after the first few instances of the sort got into the newspapers. Casualties were too common.

The saloonkeeper became very ingenious in devising hiding places. He seldom kept much stock on the premises, not even in the cellar.

One afternoon, not so long ago, three men entered a saloon shortly after noon. They had a perfectly good search warrant, sworn by the irate wife of a customer who had gone home very drunk and babbled all he knew about this saloonkeeper's hiding places. The agents knew, then, that the working supply was kept in a safe under a cigar case. What they could not do was get into the safe, the bartender having slammed the door and denied knowing the combination. This safe happened to be fastened securely, so they could not do as they had done at another place,—drag it out and tumble it around until, a bottle breaking inside, enough "booze" would trickle out to be sponged up and used as evidence.

However, they searched the rest of the saloon

thoroughly, or thought they did, taking nearly three hours at the job. Then, disgusted, they went away.

That bartender went to work, fast. With the aid of the porter, he got the three or four bottles out of the safe, hustled them to the cellar and put them with the "base supplies" in a closet cunningly concealed behind what seemed to be only a partition.

They had not got back upstairs hardly when back came the agents, this time with the owner, who prudently had been watching from down the street. An imperceptible signal from the bartender wiped the worried frown from the owner's face and he obligingly and jokingly opened the safe, which of course contained nothing but a few private papers. Baffled, but still unconvinced, the alert young leader of the raiders himself went down into the cellar.

Half an hour passed, and then that young fellow bounded up the steps two at a time with a grim look of triumph on his face.

"Very pretty," he said to the owner. "Now you can just come right along with me and open it up."

They got about $1,000 worth of whiskeys, real beers, etc.

That is typical of all saloon raids.

That's the sort of thing that is cluttering up

our courts. Postponement after postponement is the rule and, in most cases, eventual dismissal of the charge.

And right here, Mr. Dry, since you are so doggone interested in your country's welfare, you will find the answer to that one question in which you are interested:

Why is it not enforced?

Meaning the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act.

Leaving the saloonkeeper to his perilous but profitable business, let's step around town or country a bit and take a look at his more timid kin.

The saloonkeeper who sold out improvidently and impulsively, as he sees it now.

The bartender who has a little stake or can raise one or the man who is attracted by the easy money usually sets himself up in a "speakeasy" or a "Key club" in an office building or loft, or in a basement or second floor "restaurant." Not even the trade knows how many of these there are, though in New York it is said there are at least fifty "restaurants" within a radius of five blocks of Broadway and Forty-sixth street.

And there are cigar stands,
And delicatessen stores,
And bootblack stands,
And grocery stores,

And drug stores,
Where it is to be had.

The "Speakeasy" or "Blind Pig" has been with us ever since excise laws were devised.

In the old days, they were low places where five-cent moonshine was sold to the derelict who could not afford what we recall as Whiskey. It may be remarked here that we pay as much as fifty cents a drink now for stuff that is no better, and like it. It was pure enough, but raw, for the most part.

With the passing of the saloon, where at least everything was on the surface as far as honest liquor is concerned, there opened up here and there in second floor, basement and other accessible locations places known as "Key clubs." You were introduced by someone who knew someone who could vouch for your direction and a key was handed to you. That key admitted you to a room in which were a few tables, with the necessary chairs, and nothing much more in sight than the also necessary electric lamps.

Some of these "clubs" sold, and still sell, fairly good beer made and bottled by the owner on the premises and whiskey of more or less quality. The beer sold for twenty-five cents a bottle and the whiskey for fifty cents a drink.

There were, and are, men with a small stake who saw opportunity in a business neighborhood.

These men rented cheap offices in none-too-inquisitive quarters, bought a desk and a few chairs, had a little camouflage lettering done on the door and sold to properly introduced drinkers Rye at from fifty cents for moonshine up to seventy-five cents for more bonded liquor, and Scotch at the uniform price of seventy cents a drink.

There always have been a lot of little restaurants in the modern American city and town, where the menfolks and the girl clerks and stenographers go through so many useless motions that they have no time to go home for lunch.

Drink is closely related to solid food, if only as a temporary filler. And when the natural purveyors of drink were chased out of business their cousins naturally went to the rescue of the family.

You get it in tea-cups, just as you used to get it in Chinese chop suey restaurants that did not have licenses. Or you get it openly.

Even now, if you are known to be "safe," and most of us except paid government agents are safe, you may drop into a "Table d'hôte," have a corking good dinner and with it, if the doors are kept locked, a bottle of just about anything you want, even absinthe, on your table. If the doors are kept locked, a nod from the waiter or proprietor when the coast is clear will beckon you

up or downstairs to a private room, where you are served at about one dollar a drink.

The hotels, as such, are strictly dry, but the bellboys will accommodate you if they know you or if you are able to convince them that you are "safe." You are only wasting breath when you seek confidential information from the proprietor or the desk.

The restaurants and cabarets have had a much harder time than any of the other medium or retail distribution; that is, the restaurants that amount to anything, where there is music, an around-the-world menu that does not recognize seasons and other fancy and costly overhead. Their liquor profits used to make life a reasonable business for the proprietor, but Prohibition toppled his palatial pleasures for a time and taught him something about financial worry.

He found there was little profit in just food, plus real service.

Tempted to sell liquor at the increasingly fancy prices, and caught, he had only one way to turn and that was back to the food. Up went prices, or rather they remained up in war-time altitudes when it hardly paid the farmer to carry his crops to market.

It is not a fair cry to blame much that is happening to the farmer on some of the things that

have happened to Prohibition. Not when you begin to figure it out!

Naturally, clerks in other lines of business were not deaf to the conversations of their customers, particularly in cigar stores, pool rooms, drug stores and, more particularly, in the country grocery stores. Then unsuspected, and having good hiding places, they seeped into illicit trade, dealing for the most part in small quantities such as the easy to carry half-pint, its big brother pint and here and there the mother quart.

As will appear a little later on, these activities virtually have ceased. Even the drug store trade, never very large, has fallen off, though a few here and there still recognize "prescriptions" or, as do the saloons, sell to known "regulars." As it always has been, the drug store "Spirits Fermenti" is inferior to the saloon whiskey, though the cost is about one half.

You can buy it—and you can name it.

When the supply began to run short about two years ago and the quality began to drop we beg you to remember there were such things as hops, and yeast, a few other basic principles and plenty of water.

Another bright little spot in the general gloom —for some people—was that people bought encyclopedias who never had bought them before.

Grocery, delicatessen and similar stores began

to do a regular business in various brands marked malts, etc. And the bottle business revived its drooping plumage.

One family liquor dealer who sacrificed his stock when Prohibition hit him found on hand about $2,000 worth of bottles, quarts, pints and half pints. He let them go for little more than the cost of carting them away; even the buyer thought they were useless.

Not so long ago he said:

"If I had held on to those bottles, I could have made enough out of them to have sent the boy to college."

"How?" he was asked.

"Home brewers and distillers, and the bottle shortage," he replied.

At first, the people went in strongly for home brewing. Due to the fact, as will be shown later on, that the supply of good whiskey seems to be increasing, that real beer is beginning to be sold in many places and that home brewing is rather messy, there is less of it than formerly, particularly in the cities.

Distilling, however, seems to be increasing; that is, in the home. The people have discovered under pressure of high prices that they can make, at comparatively little cost and with little labor, a whiskey that answers the purpose. In short

they have had time to learn something practicable of this formerly mysterious process.

The effects of all this illegal traffic will be considered in its proper place. But the next question that arises is:

"With the Government holding all liquors in bonded warehouses, where does it all come from?"

In June, 1920, there were 53,406,552 gallons of taxable distilled spirits in bond. On the first of January, 1923, there remained around 35,000,000 gallons. The consumption in 1920, the first year of Prohibition, is recorded as .026 gallon per capita. With only 18,000,000 gallons withdrawn in two and a half years, where has all the rest of it come from?

THE RUM RUNNER AND THE BOOTLEGGER

The saloon, the "speakeasy," the restaurant, all the little oases that remain or have sprung up in the sandlike wastes over which the forces of so-called Reform seem to hold a morality mortgage, would close up instantly if it were not for the Rum Runner and the Bootlegger.

In so far as anything like pre-Prohibition liquors are concerned, the Rum Runner comes first in importance, though his trade really is the outgrowth of the Bootlegger's constant and harassed search for supplies.

When the quality of whiskey we were buying back in 1921 began to grade down to plain "rot-gut" and poison, everyone in the illicit traffic began to cast around for the quickest possible means of replenishment.

There should be nothing "unrespectable" about liquor or about its distribution; naturally, it is as proper as baby food or any other of the widely advertised and universally used prepared foods.

But away back somewhere, perhaps about the time that tax was first clamped on the business, someone relieved himself of the idea that a rum

seller belonged with the "social outcast," and that idea seemed to stick.

It was natural, therefore, that when Prohibition settled down upon us for a more or less protracted visit, the opportunities for easy money which follow in the wake of all such suppressions should attract the criminal element.

Just as natural as the attraction for the crook of large collections of jewels or money.

Regardless of danger and contemptuous of penalties, the underworld flocked to the flaunted chance, looked the situation over and picked out their prey—the Bonded Warehouses, where supposedly all the distilled beverages in the country were stored away under government protection.

There were two ways of getting that liquor out where it could be put into circulation at attractive profits.

One was by force—a form of burglary.

The other was by "Bribery."

Both methods were employed, but for the most part the bootleggers found that bribery assured them of the greater and steadier supply.

The bribery went all the way up from the watchman, where it began, to the inner offices of the enforcement agencies. It took the practical form of "buying" certificates which on presentation at a bonded warehouse permitted the with-

drawal of a stated number of cases or barrels of liquor.

The scandals resulting are fresh in the public mind and require no reviewing. The processes also are generally understood.

Prohibition agent after Prohibition agent was accused of "permitting" these certificates to get out of his office and more than one lost his job.

Assistants and stenographers also were dismissed on conviction of improper dealings with what came to be known as the "Bootleg Ring."

There probably never was such a real organization as a Ring, though there have been plenty of groups that operated for a time on a large scale. As soon as the "brains" of such a group had accumulated a fortune, and many were made almost overnight, he ceased to take further chances. Usually under pressure of his wife and family, as one of them has frankly admitted, they got out and retired into something more "respectable," where the families might enjoy the pleasure of comparative wealth and where they could explain their suddenly affluent circumstances.

Having acquired a truckload or so from a Bonded Warehouse by the purchase of certificates legitimately printed, or later with false and forged certificates, the early Rum Runner usually sold his holdings in lots—so many cases or barrels to this saloonkeeper, so many to that, and so on.

Such a load would involve a turnover of as high as $60,000.

It is impossible to "get away with" such violations of the laws for any length of time against the dignity of the Federal government; perhaps with state authorities, but not with Washington.

Trading in Whiskey paper, forged and otherwise but all equally as strong as it was honored at the Bonded Warehouses, became so brisk that what was known as a Bootleggers' Club actually came into being. There was heavy trading in paper which never moved a case or a barrel.

Government authorities took notice, there were inquiries from which there was no escape and after sensational arrests and rapid punishments, this sort of trading took a decided slump.

The government began to sit on the Bonded Warehouse, not trusting mere watchmen any longer, and withdrawals by certificate were accomplished by inquiries too searching to make the process any longer attractive even to desperate men.

Then began thefts from the warehouses, thefts as carefully planned and boldly executed as any in the history of crime.

More than one bloody battle had been fought between these "bandits" and officers of the Government.

Of course, there was connivance from the in-

side. For whatever else may be said of the Rum Runner, he never spared expense; just tacked it onto the price!

But neither nor both of these processes was sufficient to keep up the flowing supply. It was remembered that trucks had made trips all over the country with impunity, carrying thousands of dollars' worth of whiskeys and wines. It was also remembered that down in the Southern mountains "the moon shines on the moonshine," and that here might be an everlasting spring, the mountaineers having successfully fought off and eluded the "revenoors" for half a century and more.

Moonshine began to trickle into the cities.

Even that was not enough because, as the preceding chapter indicated, an unbelievable thirst had begun to parch the national throat.

Some more heavy thinking followed in circles where the mere matter of a meal had often been the unsolvable problem, and another little thing was remembered.

About Prohibition time an enormous quantity of liquor was shipped out of the country. Most of it stopped at the friendly British islands that dot our coast line on the Atlantic side.

And we began to hear about Bimini, just about big enough to stay on the map and only a few miles from Florida. But big enough to hold thou-

sands of cases and barrels of whiskey above low water mark.

Motor boats including federal patrols rushed that supply into this country so fast that at times there was none to rush. The Rum Runners were so successful, and the difficulties of shipping northward by land were so great, that they decided to shift their own activities a little closer to the consumer.

Then Nassau took her place beside Bimini on the map and America learned something more about geography.

The most interesting revelations concerning the Rum Running traffic have been made by John Jacob Rogers of Massachusetts, ranking Republican member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives.

His investigations show that more than 2,210,000 gallons of liquor have been smuggled from the Bahamas, netting these islands $1,200,000 in revenues in 1922 alone. The total revenue of the Bahamas in pre-Prohibition days was never more than $400,000!

He estimated that fifty-three vessels of 4,929 tons net engaged in the trade in 1922.

Under British registry, they cleared from the Bahamas for the French port of St. Pierre, Island of Miquelon, or for Tampico, Mexico, and then, "by arrangement with small but

speedy American motor boats outside the three mile limit," landed their cargoes in the United States.

Which introduces the funniest rum running story of them all.

As long ago as June, 1922, Attorney General Daugherty's Department stated in an official report:

"Rum running vessels have swarmed along our sea coasts."

Those who lived along the coast knew that, and more. They know many a cargo had been landed and that there had been many a battle either between runners and the Dry Navy or between runners and whiskey pirates.

Also, they know that many men had been killed, but not how many. No one knows that. Too many, at any rate.

But when, about the middle of January, the Associated Press began to send out stories of an enormous fleet lying just outside the three-mile limit off New York, which was cutting prices ridiculously in the haste to unload and return for more, the Prohibition authorities laughed.

"Impossible! Couldn't be done!" they scoffed.

A ship-news reporter discovered that the Prohibition Navy was out of commission, or somewhere else, or something.

Promptly, New York newspapers sent their

own men out on seagoing tugs to verify the story, which they did so decisively that the Prohibition chiefs reluctantly were forced to admit that "large amounts of liquor" had been smuggled through their lines.

Some reports said that at least 30,000 cases of Rye and Scotch had been landed by motor boat from the fleet and rushed inland to be hidden for later distribution.

With the tugs the newspapers sent out photographers, who brought back some interesting and enlightening information that cannot be assailed. They took pictures of the rapidly changing price lists the various vessels in the big fleet hung out as competition cut the market down. One of them read:

RYE	$35
SCOTCH	55
GIN	27
ALL GUARANTEED	

Guaranteed? Where could any buyer collect on that "guarantee"?

The Scotch may have been all right enough, though many a bottle apparently properly corked, sealed and revenue stamped as being standard goods has come through and has been found on analysis to have been tampered with. The price exposed the Rye as of a quality as un-

certain as a mule, and with the same devastating kick.

The merchandising of Scotch and Rye in the Bermudas and the Bahamas consists, as it does in the United States nowadays, of much more than mere buying and selling. If the merchant is not honest, a little water, and he is busy trying to see tō it that he himself is not "stung."

The rebottling is easy. The merchant is well supplied with the proper bottles and he has had printed in great quantities the labels of all standard brands almost beyond possibility of detection. He can put up what is known as a "package" that would trick even the manufacturer unless he were to examine the doctored contents.

The initial expense is about the only thing that bothers the Rum Runner, apart from the unaccustomed exposure to rough weather at sea; at that, his crew is recruited from the ranks of seagoing men and adventurous landsmen to whom discomfort means nothing provided there is excitement and money.

Danger and excitement there are, in plenty. Some of the vessels are up to date, speedy and roomy craft, as comfortable and seaworthy as anything afloat. But most of them are awful tubs, picked up along the water fronts for as little as possible so that the Rum Runner will have all the more to buy whiskey. Ready money

he must have, because checks or credit are absolutely no good in this business. Checks are too easily traced, if the government should become inquisitive concerning active bank accounts. Credit has no recognition where no man trusts his best friend.

Still others of these vessels are little more than tugs and motor boats. Anything that will stay awash will do for some runners. Thus, apart from battles with Prohibition agents and pirates, there are many tragedies outside the three-mile limit.

The Whiskey is sold usually in sacks, six bottles to a sack.

They used to work a clever trick with these sacks. Approaching a harbor, where they were certain to be halted and searched, the rum runners would buoy the bags, with a layer of cork, put in enough salt to sink them so many feet and boldly face the Prohibition boarders. Then, with a clean bill of health, they would wait around until the salt dissolved, the buoys brought the bags to the surface, then they were picked up and run into port.

Usually, now, the whiskey is run ashore in swift motor boats, the owners buying from the schooners anchored just outside the three-mile limit and selling immediately upon landing to land rum runners waiting with trucks. The word

that a fleet is outside ready to do business spreads with amazing secrecy and swiftness to cover that is not always successful.

However, the recent improvement in the quality of whiskey sold over the bar and by the bootlegger is due to the increasing inflow through this and other channels.

The only wide-open, real oasis north of Mexico and easily accessible to the large centers of population in the United States is Montreal, Quebec.

A resident is supposed to be able to buy only one bottle of any liquor in one day at the government retail depots, and visitors have little difficulty in doing likewise.

Here lies another opportunity for the Rum Runner to the South and, although he was a little slow in grasping it, he made a thorough job of it when he did begin.

The runners drive up from Pittsburgh or Philadelphia or New York or Boston in from two and a half to three days, if they drive in to Montreal. Most of them stop now just over the border, having "organized" the Quebec end. They had to "organize" because the business of picking up a bottle here and there, or paying agents to make single purchases in one government depot after another, was too slow a process.

With around thirty cases in their high power automobiles—they seldom take chances with the

State Police with the more cumbersome trucks—they await the word that the road is clear. They have drawn lots to decide which of the several waiting drivers shall lead the way, the first car generally being the one to get into trouble if the troopers or government agents unexpectedly appear, in which event those in the rear have a chance to make a run for it.

Given the "All clear" signal, they tear Southward at sixty miles an hour and they keep it up until they reach their city limits.

How many farm and village houses light cautiously at the rum runner's signal, to turn over to him a previously hidden load or to flash a warning of government peril?

How many barns, garages, sheds hide from the State Trooper and the Prohibition agent the cases and bags of contraband that cannot be carried farther for the time being?

Not even the rum runners themselves can answer that, though the traffic extends all along the coast line, from where they get it on the Quebec border to where it is run ashore by motor boat as far South as Florida from the schooners and other vessels that run out of Nassau and similar headquarters.

And all the way they pay toll, the rum runners.

One really reliable runner said that his last trip down from Quebec to New York, just before

Christmas, invoiced about the following expense:

Across the border, he paid $1,400 for thirty cases of various brands of standard whiskeys. He sold them in New York for $2,700—apparently a profit of $1,300 for four days' work.

Not a bit of it!

His legitimate expenses were around $100, gasoline, oil, meals, etc. But he left another $300 or so sticking to official palms along the way.

Still $900 profit! Not so bad, if that were all.

But it was not so long ago that the State Police got him, seizing his car and load. Which cost him around $4,000.

The land Rum Runner takes even more desperate chances than his sea-going brother. It is all over in a minute if a heavily laden car leaves the road, loses a tire or encounters any of the more serious automobile accidents while racing along at express speed.

And he never knows, up in the Adirondacks, when a couple of rifles will loom up on the road ahead, force him to stop, get down and turn over his entire outfit, representing perhaps all he owns in the world, to a band of conscienceless bandits who would not hesitate to kill.

So far as newspaper records go, and there are no others accessible, banditry of this sort extends pretty much all over the country. The highways of New Jersey have been the scenes of many a

"hold up," and more than one battle over a load of whiskey, much as at the height of the silk boom, even trains, of laden trucks were attacked.

In the Middle West especially, distilleries have been raided by armed bands at night, distilleries that still produce whiskeys for "medicinal purposes" under government supervision.

All this stolen stuff, and what the rum runners bring in, reaches the saloon through a form of distribution that cannot be said to be systematized.

Most of the running expeditions are financed by small partnerships, two or three men with $4,000 to $5,000 capital, an automobile and "colossal nerve." They have three or four customers who buy from them regularly all they can smuggle, which is never more than around sixty cases a week. These customers are saloonkeepers, office building "speakeasies" and restaurateurs. Perhaps three or four cases are broken for private trade, friends who can "afford" a few bottles every week or so.

The bootleggers get little from the smaller runners.

The "common" bootlegger, the man who delivers anything from a bottle to a case at a time, usually has an office where he takes orders by telephone, or he does business from his home. Many old-time saloonkeepers still make a living

that way. They buy from the runners and, if on the sea coast, from sailors who smuggle a few bottles at a time from foreign ships.

The less dependable were not particular at first where they got it, nor to whom they sold it, so long as they did get their $12 to $17 a bottle on delivery. They palmed off moonshine in bottles bearing standard labels for a time, but their trade fell off so rapidly that they "reformed."

Their largest source of supply in the East was in Mulberry Street, New York City, not more than a block from Police Headquarters. Here, in the length of one block, virtually the whole city was served before the rum runners got into their stride. That's gone, now. Driving past that block a year and a half ago, the chauffeur said to his passengers:

"See all those young dagos standing around? There'll be a gun fight here one of these days and a lot of people will be hurt. That will end that bunch of bootleggers."

Prophetic soul! It happened as the chauffeur predicted. Too many youngsters, too much easy money—and guns! An ideal stage for a tragedy.

The bootlegger did not begin to flourish really until after the courts decided that the police and Prohibition agents must stop the hurriedly adopted method of search and seizure of citizens in the streets, or anywhere for that matter, with-

out a bona-fide warrant. Then he got himself a little bag, known as a Boston bag, and ran his quarts and pints wherever you called for them, day or night, on ten minutes' notice.

You do not notice all this as you go about your business. There is nothing obtrusive about it. But it is there, secretly if you like, but still there.

Secret or not, it is having a tremendous influence on our social and economic fabric, an influence that the whole country is beginning to feel and to notice.

GRAFT

It has been said often enough before this and you already know it, but it is just as well to repeat here, that graft has as many forms as there are human desires and ambitions.

So it is not always the dollar that makes possible the country-wide violations that have so alarmed the Administration.

It may be a gift, Bird of Paradise or a big spray of Ostrich or Aigrette, all contraband and brought in by the Rum Runner and sold by the Bootlegger in these times.

It may be a few bottles or a special rate for "some of the real old stuff." Dinners, luncheons, theatre tickets!

Or perhaps a few well chosen words in the ear of a politician with whom the whiskey dealer has an "understanding."

In one large town in this country, there is a "speakeasy" which is controlled, it is said on unquestionable authority, by a politician, a Prohibition agent and a Rum Runner. The Rum Runner is said to have furnished the money, the politician the protection and the Prohibition agent the whiskeys and wines. They sell real beer, too.

If that is not a three-way combination with considerable influence, it would be hard to find one that is.

Their prices are about one-half those charged in saloons. Why?

In the first place, their goods cost them next to nothing, because they are "seized," according to the story, by the Prohibition agent from trucks and in saloons and restaurants.

In the second place, with the politician splitting the profits, there is no graft to pay out to policemen nor to federal agents who can be reached.

In the third place, being on the second floor of an old dwelling, the rent is reasonable, the place is out of the path of the raiding agent and their running expenses are as small as they possibly could be.

There are undoubtedly honest Prohibition agents and honest policemen, men who themselves cannot be bought from their duty for any price, not even by a plan of friendship, close as it might be. Probably the majority are faithful to their oath.

But somewhere there must be official connivance, or the saloon could not remain open for a moment. The very fact that its doors are open should be enough to force their closing, it standing to reason that the saloonkeeper could not pay even his rent if he had to depend on a soft-drink

and cigar trade, with perhaps a small lunch counter on the side of the sole survivor of "The Old Days" of the late lamented Free Lunch.

Officials are not conniving for nothing.

And policemen are not closing their eyes to the wide-open business on their beats unless they have orders to the contrary. They would not dare take the chance, what with every man in every precinct being held responsible if a drink were sold in his bailiwick, regardless of who reported the sale.

Still the saloons remain open, and they are no more blameworthy than the more secretly located "speakeasy," "key club" or restaurant.

Saloonkeepers, if you know them well, will admit a big turnover. They will admit that their gross may run from $1,000 to $1,500 a week. They will admit that in the bottle behind the bar each drink of Scotch they sell costs them about thirty cents and that they get seventy-five cents for it.

But the apparent forty-five-cent gross profit, they will insist vehemently when you try to question them closely, is not by any means profit.

Try to pin them down to rent, admittedly higher than previously; to wages, also higher but in each case providing for only one bartender and a porter, the owner himself working the extra time, or to any visible form of extra overhead, and you RUN PLUMB into a stone wall.

They will even concede they no longer pay state or federal licenses, their business being outlawed; that they never have outstanding bills, everything being on a strictly cash-on-delivery basis.

But they will plead, and often prove it, that they are making no more than a comfortable living—a little better than formerly, perhaps, but nothing like they are accused of making.

What you cannot get them to tell is where the rest of that more than one hundred per cent gross profit goes.

It may be argued that many a businessman figures on one hundred per cent gross profit. Granted. The saloonkeeper figured that or better in the Old Days.

But there is this difference: Four years ago, that one hundred per cent was based on five-cent beer and on two-for-a-quarter whiskeys. Now it must be figured on beer at twenty-five cents (or $1.50 for a can of beer that then cost a dime) and on whiskeys that bring in sixty and seventy-five cents. And the total number of whiskey sales probably has increased.

Which is some difference!

Referring back to that bottle that was dropped on the Senate breakfast room floor:

"You can't prove it."

Now graft, if there is such, begins long before

it reaches the saloonkeeper. He is just an unwilling link in the presumptive chain.

A Rum Runner tells this story:

Running into the harbor of an Eastern city with a leaf of "shoes" in labeled boxes, he was hailed by a patrol and boarded. He happened to be running a motor boat and the sergeant in command of the patrol could not understand how it should be that "shoes" were being brought in on such a craft and under cover of a foggy night. Wherefore he compelled the Rum Runner to continue on for some miles to a pier, from which he telephoned to his superiors for instructions. After describing his capture, the sergeant got peremptory orders not to molest the Rum Runner, who grinned in the sergeant's face and proceeded to his arranged destination.

He had two hundred cases of reasonable Rye and proper Scotch aboard.

But he would not tell who paid for that little courtesy.

A tarpaulin-covered truck carrying about 150 cases of Rye and Scotch slipped out of a Bonded Warehouse, boldly, in broad daylight, and started across town. The two men on the driver's seat had paid in price and graft nearly $7,500 for the load.

A few blocks away, three "Prohibition agents" signalled to the driver to halt, and, to escape

arrest and prosecution, he and his companion leaped to the street and fled. A partner of the two men, their backer, received presently a telephone message, as a result of which he "bought in" that identical truck load for $2,400. It was not "seized" again.

Total cost of that load, worth perhaps $1,700 in pre-Prohibition days, $9,900.

Who pays for that sort of thievery, in the end?

Let's step around the corner to a bootlegger's headquarters, fitted up as a "Real Estate office."

Four Prohibition agents are just ahead of us. They flash credentials on the quietly dressed, competent young man seated at a desk, alone in the office. He smiles urbanely while they search the place—and find nothing. One of them notices a door, finds it is locked and demands that it be opened. The smiling youth informs him that office has been sublet, that the tenant is out and there is no certainty when he will return. The agent notices further there is a transom above the locked door, gets a chair, steps up, finds he cannot crawl through and contents himself with a look. Which is enough for him.

"Fifteen bottles, Rye, under a table," he announces, and they prepare to force an entrance.

But here the young "Real Estater" intervenes, demanding the agents produce their search warrant. Not having one, and the youth standing

his ground, they leave one of their number on guard outside and hurry away to produce the necessary document.

Quick as a flash, the youth is at the telephone and, in a moment, talking fast. In a remarkably short time, two men appear, carrying a suit-case. One "interests" the guard outside while the other and the youth enter through the locked door. For a very few minutes, there is feverish activity. Then the two men leave, taking the suit-case, and the youth reseats himself, having locked that door again.

Enter the agents with the search warrant. The youth acknowledges it, opens the door and the agents enter and find——

Fifteen bottles of a well known brand of vinegar, and literature and circulars pertaining to its sale and distribution.

Cost to the bootlegger—$500 paid in cash to the two "fixers" before they left his office.

Three North Side Chicago men heard they could buy thirty barrels of pre-Prohibition whiskey of from 103 proof to 95 for $32 a gallon delivered, which meant a total of approximately $45,000. The whiskey was in a cellar away over on the South Side, a little more than ten miles away, which meant that going and returning they must pass through the busy Loop District, or detour through other busy streets.

They ran down, found the whiskey according to the "tip" and made thorough tests. They bored into the barrels from several directions, taking no chances on what is known as a "water well." The whiskey stood up to specifications, they bought it, loaded the thirty barrels on the truck they had brought along and followed the truck back home in their touring car.

Arriving at their own storage place, they unloaded the truck, and found they had bought thirty barrels of water!

How was it done?

An identical truck loaded as was the whiskey laden truck had been carefully provided by the sellers and switched for the other in a "traffic jam," also carefully provided for. The driver for the buyers, of course, was in on the deal—he had given the original "tip."

A lot of trouble, $45,000 worth!

Perhaps you think this does not come under the head of graft? No? Well, how was that "traffic jam arranged"?

Around behind the court house in a Middle Western river town is a bar that for years had been, and at last accounts still was, patronized by city officials and court attachés. Someone, a woman, complained to the authorities and she made it so strong that there was nothing else to do

but raid the place. It seems she had sufficient social power to make a real noise.

So, while she stood across the street to make it certain that the raid would be performed as a real raid should be, a force of men was sent into the place, while a truck drove up to the front door.

Out came armfuls of bundles, a few cases and, to make it strong, a couple of small barrels. One of the bundles was opened in the lady's presence to assure her that everything was "according to Hoyle."

Satisfied, the crusading dame went on her way, refusing disdainfully an invitation to enter the bar and see for herself that nothing had been overlooked.

The truck was driven around the block, into an alley and up to a rear door, through which the small part of the stock that had been "seized" was returned for future consumption by the "raiders" themselves. (Of course, that did not cost anything.)

A peek into Washington itself.

Sufficient reference has been made to that "Bottle on the Senate floor" to make it plain that the national capital is not so dry as perusal of the amended Constitution would lead one to believe.

About the middle of January, 1923, capital society was startled, as it had been before, by

charges that another source of bootlegging supplies had been uncovered. This time, however, it was one of the so-called fashionable clubs, but one of the diplomatic sanctuaries.

It was charged that liquors consigned and delivered to the Cuban Legation, duty free and no questions asked, had been finding their way with able price-boosting assistance from a bootlegger into private Washington homes.

The charge, of course, was found to be absolutely false.

Such charges have been made from time to time, their only real significance being that Washington is just about as wet as any other city. Most of the bootlegging there is carried on with the port of Baltimore as a source of supply, although large quantities undoubtedly are taken into the city by truck from New York.

This is an exaggeration, but it has been said that every suit-case and grip carried by Washington-bound passengers on the railroads contained some form of liquor.

A man well known about town and two young women of equal social prominence dropped in at one of the numerous "Little Clubs" in Washington rather late in the evening for highballs. They were no sooner seated than one of the young women, happening to glance around, looked fix-

edly at a man at another table and exclaimed so that every one in the place heard her:

"My God! Be careful. There's the man who raided —— the other night!"

The proprietor hurried to her, greatly perturbed. She explained she had been in this other place on the night of the raid, and that she could not possibly be mistaken in the man she pointed out. The proprietor looked, sighed with relief and assured the young lady:

"Why Miss ——, he is all right. But thank you for the warning."

He hastily bowed himself away, not explaining further. But the young lady was right—the man was an enforcement officer.

Why was he, as the proprietor said, "all right"?

Perhaps this chapter should have started out with something about possible graft in connection with the first passing of the Eighteenth Amendment in Congress and ratification in the State Legislature. This possibility is so vague that it is not worth further consideration than mention, and that only because some unthinking persons insist on raising the question. There may have been polite forms of graft, which were sufficiently discussed in an earlier chapter; it is idle to entertain any suggestion that money swayed the vote.

In the earlier chapter on "The Anti-Saloon

League," mention was made of charges preferred against William H. Anderson by a dismissed collector. It was stated that the District Attorney's office had called on the State Superintendent to turn over the League books.

It has been reserved for mention here that there was some question of items totalling $24,000, said to be unaccounted for. Mr. Anderson did not comply with the county prosecutor's request, and at once a movement was launched in the New York State Legislature for the appointment of a committee to investigate the League's collections and expenditures.

In a statement read at that time before a church congregation in New York concerning those charges, Mr. Anderson contended it was not "dishonorable for me to have $25,000 or to spend it confidentially for the benefit of the League."

Why "confidentially"?

He followed this up with an appeal for funds, asserting the Prohibition Law would be nullified in New York State unless the League received a minimum of $500,000 a year.

Mr. Anderson revealed at the same time that when he took over the League direction in 1914, annual collections were about $30,000 in the State.

From that point, they rose to $350,000 in 1920!

Remember, he was talking to pronounced Prohibitionists, and he wanted more money!

But, having collected up to $350,000 in 1920, when Prohibition went into effect:—

What on earth can he want now with another $500,000 a year?

And that only for New York State!

How much must Wayne B. Wheeler and the Board of Directors of the League at Washington need for the entire country!

THE PRICE WE PAY

"WHAT!" we howled when, back in 1920, we got back our change from the dollar bill we had placed on the bar, "a quarter a drink? Never!"

"Hush, man!" said the bartender, "you'll be paying half a dollar or even sixty cents before this is over, and glad to get it!"

Personally, we did not believe him. No, sir, not in a million years! We might stand for a quarter, but no more! Never!

We kept right on howling, with each boost upward, but we paid!

Now we don't howl any more. We grumble once in a while. Mostly, we dig for the price.

And every pocketbook in America feels the pull.

It makes no difference whether or not you drink—you feel it just as you do the industrial collapse in Europe.

"It shouldn't sell for more than a quarter," the sympathetic saloonkeeper will tell you, and he rings up sixty cents for Rye out of your dollar bill, or seventy-five cents for Scotch. Or it may be beer, in which case he takes fifteen or twenty-five cents.

There is no such person as a sympathetic saloonkeeper. He appreciates a whole lot more than does the reformer what such costs mean to the purse of the average man, the men who make the United States possible. He is well satisfied that he has got his share of prosperity and he would be, for the most part, quite satisfied if he could go back to the Old Days.

What with the enormous increase in the prices he must pay, and the fact that he must get enough to make it worth his while to take all the risks he runs, and also provide against the time he will need heavy bail and perhaps have to pay a stiff fine, he feels he is getting no more than he should, and in a general way these customers who see his side of it agree with him.

At first, he was a "pirate" and a "highbinder" and so forth more profanely, but in time it began to be understood, as the public at large is beginning to understand, that all the way up from still or Bonded Warehouse to saloon and restaurant keeper, or to any one that sells retail, something is tacked on to the price the public must pay. It's hard enough on the man who makes $100 a week, but it is tough on the average $50 a week wage-earner.

The point is not that he shouldn't drink; the fact is that he does, and will.

A "coal" truck drew up at the mansion of one

of our multi-millionaires and, ingeniously, case after case of honest-to-goodness liquors were slid into his cellar.

Before Prohibition that load would have cost about $700. The multi-millionaire paid a little over $5,000, including delivery.

Just so, as they say in London, where they have all they want of it, and pure goods at that.

Prohibition has sent prices up from 700 to 1,000 per cent, either by the drink or by the bottle.

But what does the rich man care?

He can afford it, and does.

You have heard of the veteran who, returning to his Missouri home at the close of the Civil War, protested bitterly against "THOSE DAMNED GRAFTERS" who had jumped the price of pure corn liquor to forty-five cents a gallon, or whatever the ridiculous figure was.

Well, look at it now!

Retail, bottled, it costs about $48 a gallon, and not any better, at least, than that veteran got.

Costs, did I write? That's the price. The cost was about $1.50 to make and bottle.

Apart from the added burden which Prohibition had laid upon the purse of the average wage-earner, something else has "happened" in the matter of costs.

There has been a subtle but none the less revo-

lutionary change in business and political methods, and there is no getting away from it.

You would not have thought in the Old Days of taking a drink before calling on a business man, of offering him a drink in his office or expecting one from him, or perhaps of inviting him "out to have one at a little place I know," not unless he was an old and tried friend who you knew to be on friendly terms with his own bottle.

You knew the chances were all in favor of a quick and decisive loss of business, or the refusal of a job, if the other man so much as detected a sign of the drink you had had the week previous.

In these Prohibition times?

If he does it, the simple explanation that a friend has just given you a taste of some regular whiskey he happened to pick up probably not only will "square" you but instantly start a flow of his own experience—his own luck or hard luck with his own supply.

Far from regarding the taking of that drink as a heinous crime, the average business man is much more likely in 1923 to be envious; he probably would regard you as "a damn fool" if you did not grasp such a golden opportunity.

There is another place——

A promoter had no success in interesting a capitalist, then the latter reached in his desk,

drew out a box of clear Havanas and shoved them across the desk with the remark:

"Sorry I can't offer you a drink. Like one myself. But I'm just out of it."

He turned to a small safe, swung back and exhibited an empty bottle.

"With your permission," smiled the promoter, reaching for the telephone.

"Joe," he said, when he had got his number, "this is So and So. Shoot one of 77 around to ——," giving the address.

Ten minutes later, a bottle of good Scotch (price, $15 delivered) stood on the table.

The promoter got the money he wanted.

And the bootlegger got another "call" customer.

How far would a business man have got if he tried before Prohibition to put over a business deal with whiskey on the table?

Not only in business does this principle apply; whiskey has taken a definite place in politics.

It was said that whiskey flowed like water at the recent political conventions in various states. Not officially, of course, but secretly, as it always does, even at the big banquets you read about. It's in the grip and on the hip and, as it has done through ages back, it is just as effective in smoothing a rough situation as it is in starting a fight.

A dignified Southerner of high position whose

name is known throughout the country for many able services and deeds came North on important business, more important by far to others than it was to him.

In conference, he listened to this man and that man, courteously but with an air of official restraint that put a damper on the enthusiasms of the others. In short, his aloofness rather "cramped" their style and their cause was not progressing very favorably, it seemed to them.

Entered the conference room another member of the group, a happy-go-lucky sort of chap with a knack of doing the right thing at the right time. He took in the situation, left the room and returned in a few minutes, followed by a porter who carried a tray on which was a bottle of excellent Kentucky whiskey, a syphon, a bottle of ginger ale and glasses.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, "I just got this and I haven't the heart to drink it alone. May I ask you to pause for a moment and join me?"

Would they!

That Southern gentleman thawed out in about ten minutes, and he didn't let go of his glass once. Here was something he did understand, and from that to the rest was simple.

On his way to Washington to transact business of vital interest to himself and his associates, a

Middle Westerner dropped off in New York to get what he regarded as important letters of introduction to influential persons in the national capital.

"Better take some Scotch along," his New York friends advised. "Do more for you than all the letters we can give you."

"No," the Westerner replied, "we're strong for Prohibition out my way. I'll take the letters."

Three days later, he returned to New York.

"How did you come out?" his friends asked.

"Got what I went after," he answered. "But, say! how much does Scotch cost you here?"

"Oh, from $12 to $15. Why?"

"H'm!" he replied sourly, "had to pay $22 down there."

But there's another side to it——

There's a mighty nice girl down in Wall Street and she has sisters in all the big towns from New York to San Francisco and innumerable cousins in between. They belong to the Private Secretaries family. They are efficient, loyal young women, jealously guarding their employers' affairs. But they have ceased in many cases to make any pretenses about one thing.

"Mr. ——," they will tell you, "is out with some friends. I am not certain when he will return."

And you know, and she knows you know, that Mr. —— is out doing what he never would have thought of doing three years ago, accepting an invitation to have a drink, or taking someone out to buy him a drink.

Miss Private Secretary will tell you that when a man could get a drink when he wanted it, openly, and almost anywhere he wanted it, her employer and other business men would not tolerate liquor in business hours; not even in the luncheon hour, and in many cases not in any hour, before or after work.

The business man then regarded drink and drinking men variously.

Now, Miss Private Secretary with few exceptions will tell you that he regards drink wistfully, if he cannot get it, and the drinker enviously, if *HE* can get it.

Watch the Boss become chummy with the young employee who knows where to get the real thing!

That's no joke, either!

Of course, there are business men, and politicians too, who frown on that sort of thing just as darkly now as they did before January 16, 1920. They are honest about their disapproval. There always have been and always will be such men and they are thoroughly correct in their attitude.

But there is no getting away from the fact that

the average business man is no longer the stern moralist in his office that he once was. Whether or not that is a good thing for the country remains to be seen.

What decidedly is NOT good for the country is what has "happened" and is "happening" in the home circle, to the young folks.

This, after all, is the significant thing.

Dad has had his "liberalizing education" downtown, and sooner or later he brings it home with him—not deliberately, but first as a matter of gossip. As said earlier, he sooner or later gets to the point where he is not leaving any good things he manages to pick up in the office, not even under lock or key.

Unconsciously he has got some of the bootlegger's attitude, perhaps from the bootlegger himself, which is: "Don't trust anybody!" and "anybody" means everybody, literally.

Mother may object, at first, but even her friends are all talking about it and slowly, insidiously this thing that has become the greatest open secret in the world slips past her consciousness, and before she knows it she is laughing, too, and tolerating.

What, then, can you expect of the young folks?

From babyhood they have been taught to look up to their parents as good, law-abiding citizens, as the symbols of authority.

Suddenly they find one of these hitherto sacred laws laughed at, got around with seeming impunity and, as time passes, more or less openly defied in their own homes. They hear in their own homes and in the homes of their friends the constant complaint that "Parties are not the same, any more. Everything is so dead." Someone produces a bottle, and the fun begins. There is always such a person, nowadays. Do you wonder that the young folks begin to question the stability of other laws?

Do you wonder that they carry this questioning outside the home, often into circles and conversations that are most perilous for them?

Do you realize how short is the step from question to doubt?

Then the boy or girl is in danger, because it is an even shorter step from doubt to actual violation.

Here lies the real peril to the coming generation, the men and women of tomorrow whom Prohibition and other reformers are so zealously striving "to save." The boy may violate the law and we may club him back if we cannot otherwise persuade him.

But it's a longer step back for the girl; she is harder to persuade and we can't club her back—all because she bears the tradition of Mother-

hood and because she is the only hope there is for the sacredness of its future.

Never before, in our history at least, has such a percentage of our women and our girls been drinking, in their own homes, in the homes of their friends, in cabarets and restaurants and at parties and dances. Never have there been so many wives and young women with "the half-pint habit." Greenwich Villagers complained to the New York police that nightly revels in a certain restaurant were the scandal of even that Bohemian neighborhood. The police watched, plain clothes men mingling with the diners and dancers, and suddenly a raid was made. There were twenty-two arrests, eight of the prisoners being stenographers, etc., who were sent to the Florence Crittenden Home.

But eleven other girls, mostly high school students of good families, were in such pathetic plight that the police compassionately sent for their parents. When these panic-stricken mothers arrived, they had to confess that they had not known what their daughters were doing.

Before they were permitted to go home with their parents, the girls themselves admitted they had had their first drinks at private dances and that they had been inventing all sorts of excuses at home so they could slip away to cabarets and restaurants where they could satisfy their craving

for excitement and their newly-acquired taste for liquors.

At a moonlight skating party on a village pond, one of the girls complained of the extreme cold. One of the boys produced a flask. She took a nip, felt a little more comfortable for a time and then took another.

Others of the girls made similar complaints and others of the boys produced flasks.

When they drove back to the village, these "best families" were scandalized.

It was found in the inquiry which followed that for a long time the boys had been drawing corn juice from the silos and distilling it in more or less primitive stills.

Pure enough, but raw stuff, and with a vicious "kick."

Not a ladylike beverage at all!

Then there was the school-teacher in an apple district out West who lost her job because one day at recess the boys persuaded the girls first to taste and then to drink from bottles, cider that under their fathers' solicitous care had become as hard as the "Old Soak" himself.

They didn't return after recess and one of the mothers happened upon them all, drunk, while the worried teacher was searching the neighborhood for her little flock.

There have been too many scandals in our col-

leges recently to require much description of what is happening to our young men in the student world.

Newspapers report, always carefully edited, rather shocking accounts of drinking by the Midshipmen from Annapolis at the ball after the last Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia.

Slam Bang, in the very heart of the coming guardianship of our laws and constitutions!

Then there is the more recent story of the son of the most quoted Prohibition representatives in the country.

At first reported expelled for drinking, the young man, according to his father, had been withdrawn from the college, he having only been in the company of students who were drinking.

There is still another phase to those things that have "happened" under Prohibition.

For a while, in 1920, the whiskey on sale retained its fairly excellent quality. Then came watered stock, and then any old thing.

All that was required was that it should be like whiskey, have a stinging taste and react like a high power explosive.

The business of slipping stocks out of Bonded Warehouses had not yet developed and the rum-runner had not yet dreamed of the golden future awaiting him.

The shortage hit the whole country about the

same time, and we began to get our first popular education in the deadly qualities of "wood alcohol."

Heaven only knows how many have died or been blinded for life under Prohibition from poisons sold by the unscrupulous in the guise of liquor.

A Chicago dispatch toward the end of January, 1923, stated that 130 had died since the first of the year.

New York's appalling list runs into the hundreds.

New Haven, Conn., startled the nation with a wood alcohol tragedy not so very long ago.

And every holiday and big celebration adds to the casualties.

A newspaperman, a "wise guy," took a nip from an equally "wise guy's" pocket flask. Luckily for him, he got home shortly afterward and fast work by a physician saved him. But for forty-eight hours he had no idea of what was happening or of what had hit him.

Friend "wise guy" had just filled his flask from a bottle purchased from a strange bootlegger an hour before.

In Scranton, Pa., a man picked his glass up from the car, saluted his friend with a "Here's how!" The friend returned the salute. They drank.

An hour later they died without regaining consciousness.

Talk about the old Assassins of India who struck in the dark!

These are some of the prices we pay.

WHAT IT COSTS—AND "DOPE"

Advocates of Prohibition are forever pointing to what they assert are the benefits derived under the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act by the diverting of the menace of the liquor traffic into "legitimate" trade and business channels.

Their assertions are their replies to the persistent question:

"How much, in money, has Prohibition cost the United States, and is it worth what Prohibition has done to us?"

It might give more point to the discussion of this question if we glance first at results obtained in other countries by their treatment of the liquor problem.

Representative Rogers shows that the revenues of the Bahamas jumped from $400,000 in 1919 to $1,200,000 in 1922, all of the increase being the direct result of the newly created American Rum Running traffic. This represents additional trade of around $50,000,000.

Mr. Rogers further stated there was no hope that the Bahama authorities would lend any assistance to stop the traffic, since they and the resi-

dents are becoming rich, "and the merchants who have enriched themselves are held in increasing respect."

The Province of Quebec, refusing to follow the example of her sister province, Ontario, which really is dry, set up a liquor Commission under whose authority all the traffic in the province is conducted. Last year, the Commission turned into the Provincial treasury $4,000,000 of added, revenue it had collected.

British Columbia, after trying out Prohibition, passed a liberalization act, and, after the first year of regulated business, divided $1,200,000 among the cities of the province, as their share of the revenue.

Now, when that big Rum Running fleet startled the Prohibition authorities by its bold sally to the three-mile limit just outside New York City, what happened?

There was instant clamor from certain quarters for an increase in the enforcement personnel and equipment.

Of course, some profound thinker had to come forward with the suggestion that the United States Army and Navy be employed to establish a blockade!

As though Prohibition were not costing enough as it is!

In his last available report, Prohibition Com-

missioner Haynes stated that he had spent in 1921 for enforcement $6,274,523, of which $3,501,209 was for salaries.

He also stated that arrests for drunkenness had decreased in 1921 to 109,768 from 316,842 in 1917.

And yet, this year, two years later, he asks Congress to appropriate $9,000,000, or $3,000,000 more than in 1921 for his department!

It should be remembered that everything is going out and only a negligible amount in fines is coming in under Prohibition, so far as Uncle Sam is concerned.

In a normal year, such as in 1914, before the War, Internal Revenue receipts from the liquor traffic were $226,179,689 and in the War year of 1918 they jumped to $443,839,544.

Think of it! $9,000,000 going out each year to enforce special legislation the wisdom of which a great section of the people doubt; whereas, prior to that legislation, from $225,000,000 up was collected annually to ease the tax burden!

And that is not all that has happened, financially under Prohibition.

It is estimated by those who should know, if any one knows, that the rum running, bootlegging traffickers turn over more than $1,000,000,000 a year, now.

No checks are acceptable; too easy to trace if

the Prohibition agents were to become inquisitive.

So that $1,000,000,000 does not go into the banks, nor into circulation, but into safe deposit boxes, being transferred from one to another in successive deals.

Here is a lively business larger than the United States Government did before the War that escapes all taxation!

There is another set of figures, estimates with sinister significance.

Before Prohibition, there admittedly was a considerable traffic in narcotics, morphine, cocaine, opium and heroin, which was not regarded then as an immediate public menace, but rather as an evil that must not be permitted to spread.

Regulation of this traffic also comes under the jurisdiction of the Prohibition Bureau.

Now, what has happened, since Prohibition?

There had been whispers for some time that the dope traffic was increasing amazingly, when William Desmond Taylor, motion picture director, was found murdered under sensational and still unsolved circumstances in his Hollywood cottage. Members of the so-called dope ring were, and still are, under suspicion.

A few months later, just recently, the lamentable death of Wallie Reid from dope similarly startled the country.

This was the signal for one of the largest news-gathering organizations in the country to begin publication of the results of a nation-wide investigation it had been conducting quietly for months into the drug traffic.

One or two revelations made in these publications are so pointedly linked up with the results of our Prohibition legislation that they should be set down here.

Even more secret than the ways of Prohibition violators are the wiles of the drug addicts. It is therefore utterly impossible to tell how many there are in the country.

Estimates vary from 1,000,000 to 4,000,000.

Experts say that addicts spend on an average of $20 each a week for dope.

Taking the lowest estimate of 1,000,000 addicts, then there is spent each week in the United States for morphine, cocaine, opium, heroin, etc., $20,000,000!

Or $1,000,000,000 a year, the same amount as the estimated annual turnover of the illicit whiskey traffic!

In other words, at this time, $2,000,000,000 is diverted from taxable trade annually in the United States, not to mention accompanying abuses.

And the President, and the Congress, and you

and I worry about taxations and how to lighten the burden.

By what is this vast sum diverted?

It was not so diverted before January 16, 1920, when the United States Secretary of State, in obedience to the then Congress, declared the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act in effect!

CONCLUSION

Is this condition of affairs the will of the majority of the American people?

Likewise, are the representative results of Prohibition as given herein the will of the majority?

Constitutionally speaking, the Congress DOES represent the majority and DOES carry out the popular will.

Within its legal rights, the sixty-sixth Congress enacted and 46 states ratified the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

You have seen what has happened—just one thing after another, and none good, so far.

But whatever does happen, it will be strictly up to YOU.

Some years ago, a story of political corruption was given to a copy-reader on the Chicago *Tribune*, whose business it was to edit it and to write the headlines. After he had edited it, he went perplexedly to James Keeley, then the famous managing editor of that great newspaper.

"Mr. Keeley," he said, "there's only one head for this story. I don't think you will stand for it and darned if I can think of another."

He showed the head as he had written it. Mr.

Keeley looked at it, grinned briefly and said "Go ahead!"

This was the head:

GRAFT! GRAFT!
GRAFT! GRAFT!

Graft! Graft! Graft! Graft!
Graft! Graft! Graft!
Graft! Graft!

Graft! Graft! Graft! Graft!

Graft! Graft! Graft! Graft!
Graft! Graft! Graft!
Graft! Graft!